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# ZION'S HERALD.

THURSDAY, MAY 30, 1878.

The growing impression among evangelists of the Christian seems to be, that less reliance must be placed upon any modern patent or sensational measures to awaken general attention to religious subjects, and that a deeper personal consecration must be secured among Christian disciples. We must work more earnestly and constantly the divinely-established means of evangelization, and with daily devotion must seize our opportunities for personal labor among our fellow-men. We must have a warm, holy, well-instructed Church home; we must have a sound, impressive, Scriptural ministry; and we must work outward, in every direction, from this Church centre. Then our work, although not attended with so great demonstration, will be all the more permanent. The masses cannot be reached by simply building meeting-houses among them, but they can be approached by consistent, active and holy Christian men and women. Temporary services may be instituted among portions of the population where there is no Church, and the awakened men and women may be drawn into established communions; or, when numbers justify, they will arise and build such a temple to God as their means may permit. But the great want of the hour, is warm, loving, working and consecrated Church centres, from which shall constantly go out earnest and effective influences. Work the varied Church appliances up to their full power, then a pure Church will confront a gossamer world, an active Church will constantly discipline the world, and a holy Church will illustrate the peace and joy of the Gospel of Jesus Christ to the world.

It is one of the serious infelicities of our eager newspaper interviewing and gossiping, that very incorrect and disappointing stories find their way into print. The many hundreds of sons of Wesleyan, all over the land, read with delightful surprise the account in the New York papers of the large residuary bequest falling to the University from the estate of the late Henry J. Baker, esq. It was estimated by the paragraphers all the way from \$300,000 to \$700,000; the estate itself being valued by them at \$3,000,000. It was perhaps only an average exaggeration; the smallest estimate being only about three times the actual truth. Our late estimable Brother Baker left an absolute bequest to the University of \$15,000, and he made the Institution a residuary legatee, with the M. E. Missionary Society and other charities. Judicious friends, who are somewhat familiar with the value of the estate, have estimated the bequest at \$15,000. It is a most providential and encouraging gift. Such an example needs but a few imitators, and our oldest college will be enabled to fulfill its largest promise and develop its rich opportunities for the higher education of our young people of both sexes.

Public prayers for national objects are unmeaning forms and mockeries unless the presence and intervention of God in human affairs be heartily believed, and the need of His interposition be deeply felt. These public prayers then become the sincere desires and expressions of the public heart. They are humbly and impressively offered, and they are borne up by the sympathies and responses of all that listen to them. Thus it was during the war, in several of the dark hours of disaster and despondency; and these prayers were not in vain. They were followed by a comforting trust in a divine and overruling Providence; they inspired courage in effort, and they were certainly the forerunners, if not the occasions, of the brighter days that burst upon us. We are evidently approaching a period when the public mind, unless all Christian heaven has been lost out of it, will turn again, earnestly and penitently, to the only Arm upon which we can rest for hope and salvation. There has never been such a wide-spread and oppressive financial revulsion, as at present; business never started so slowly from a panic and a season of disorganization before; confidence is lost, and men look to each other for inspiration in vain. As an incident of this, one of the most terrible forms of socialism and infidel communism, imported from the eastern continent, begins to assert itself, and even to organize violent opposition to the social order; in some parts of the land—And at this moment of

anxiety, as if to fill up the measure of our trouble, Congress threatens the country with a political revolution, awakening afresh anxieties that had been laid two years since, after a serious struggle, by congressional concessions, made legal by statute law. Certainly, this is an hour when the prayer for the country from the pulpit might be expected to call out the sincere responses of the people. It is the will of God that prayer should be made for all men, for the President and all in authority, and in all times of peril, that we may live peaceful lives and enjoy a wholesome prosperity.

Dr. Edwards, of the *Northwestern*, was present in Atlanta during the delivery of the fraternal addresses by the representatives of the M. E. Church to the Southern General Conference, and gives in his paper an interesting description of the incidents of the occasion. The large church in which the session was held was packed to overflowing. Senior Bishop Payne presided. Dr. Edwards thinks that Dr. Foss made the speech of his life on the occasion. Of its quality our readers will be able to form some impression, as we shall give it in full next week; but the indescribable magnetism of the living voice, and especially the pervading and exciting enthusiasm of such an audience, continually roused to approval and religious fervor, cannot be reproduced. Dr. Foss spoke for over an hour, holding the rapt attention of his audience to the last. He was solid, devout, tender, rising to heights of sacred eloquence, flashing with excellent humor, and wise and self-restrained to the close. Dr. Edwards says, at the conclusion of the speech, he heard Bishops and leading ministers and laymen "declare that the day was the happiest known to the Southern Church for decades." Hon. William Cumback's address was shorter, bearing the natural characteristics of a statesman and lay-member of the Church. It made a fine impression upon the audience. Some notice has been taken of the fact that, while Dr. Foss' speech, as reported, abounds with interjected "applause" and "hallelujahs," Mr. Cumback's remarks are apparently unbroken to the close. But the secret of this apparent lack of expressions of enthusiastic sympathy, is found in the fact, that the layman had his speech written out, read it to his audience from the manuscript, and then handed it to the reporters, and they omitted to write the applause in, at the proper points.

Dr. Edwards says "fraternity is bound to grow and nothing can prevent it." Organic unity will be relegated to the distant future; but Christian respect and generous courtesies will spring up and grow rapidly among bodies of a common parentage upon the same field. Another significant incident occurring on a succeeding day, was the reception of Rev. Wesley Gaines and W. D. Johnson of the African Methodist Church. These brethren made a remarkable impression by their able and effective addresses. Mr. Johnson raised a storm of enthusiastic applause by his extraordinarily eloquent address, and Bishop McTearne pledged, in response, the sympathy and co-operation of the M. E. Church, South, with the colored laborers on their portion of the common field. Altogether, these two events show wholesome progress in the right direction. Dr. A. S. Hunt, the former and very acceptable fraternal delegate from our Church, was present as Bible agent, and renewed both the grateful impression he had personally made, and brought the American Bible Society into fresh and warm relations with the Southern Methodist Church.

Bishop Harris was asked to sing, not long since, in a social circle. In excusing himself he related an incident of his travels in Palestine, as illustrating the probable effect of his effort at singing. One evening the little company of travelers were sitting in the tent, talking over the events of the day, when a hymn was proposed as a fitting close of its labors. Rev. Wm. Spencer struck up a hymn to the familiar tune of New Durham. All joined in. In the midst of a verse a donkey, which was tied near the tent, began to bray terrifically. The surrounding hills sent back the echo from far and near. When he ceased, the singers found themselves in utter confusion. The Arab guide put his head into the tent and remarked, "He think he know dat tune."

## THE TRAINING SHIP.

Our former excellent assistant upon *ZION'S HERALD*, Rev. Wesley O. Holway, a chaplain in the United States Navy, is now in charge of the Department of Studies on board the U. S. Training Ship *Minnesota*, in New York harbor. A short visit in New York, last week, gave us the opportunity of accepting the invitation of the Chaplain to visit the ship, and observe the working of the interesting experiment, which has been so successfully inaugurated. Captain Stephen B. Luce, U. S. N., who is in command, has for years labored for the establishment of such a nautical school. He has carefully examined the English and other systems, and by written report, has called the attention of our government to the importance of securing some efficient training for the seamen of the navy. The naval school at Annapolis, which also has facilities for discipline on shipboard, provides only officers for the navy; but a school for the education—the physical and intellectual training—of seamen for our national ships, has been a lack that has been recognized, but has not successfully been met, heretofore, in our naval system.

There have been, indeed, both in New York and Massachusetts, school ships, which have proved, as they were managed, expensive and demoralizing failures. These ships, particularly the two in our State, were branches of the Re-

form School. Vicious boys, arrested for crime, without any reference to their tastes or adaptations for the sea, often at too early an age, without proper regard to their physical, and less to their moral, condition, were herded together in these ships. The number of their officers was limited, and the salaries paid offered small inducements for first-class men to fill the subordinate positions. There was nothing before these boys to excite their ambition, and it was found difficult to secure for them eligible positions when discharged. The discipline in our harbors, where they were constantly on parade before all classes of visitors, and petted and fondled by the trustees as the favorite children of the State, was of the poorest kind to make hardy and manly sailors; they all expected to graduate at once to the quarter deck, or to run away. They were liable at any time to be pardoned, or to be discharged at the request of friends. The natural result was, these companies of vicious lads poisoned each other, until their condition became so notorious that the warmest friends of the school ships accorded with their official judgment, which advised their suppression.

In England the experiment with boys of even this class has been much more successful. The schools have been under the supervision of the government and in charge of officers of the navy. The discipline has been more strict, and more care has been exercised in the admission of lads to the ships. But in addition to these reform ships have been others for the training of boys untainted even by criminal charges, in which both petty officers and ordinary seamen have enjoyed a thorough and excellent naval and academic tuition, on shipboard. Such opportunities Capt. Luce has sought to open in our ports, both for the improvement of the quality of our seamen, and as a needed field of activity for hundreds of our boys who have special tastes for the sea, and whose parents would prefer to have them under the discipline of our naval service rather than in our mercantile marine. The experiment already demonstrates that there is no difficulty in securing the choicest material, physically, for such a school; a large portion of the boys on the *Minnesota* are from country homes.

No more fitting officer in the navy could be found for the development of this interesting experiment than one, like Captain Luce, who has made the subject a careful study, and had personally examined the European systems. The captain, in addition to his fine reputation in the navy, is quite a literary man, constantly contributing to our leading periodicals, and is also endowed with the moral qualities and the personal enthusiasm indispensable to success in one who seeks to develop out of the three and a half hundred boys under his care, manly, brave, honest and virtuous seamen.

The training school is not yet distinctly recognized by Congress, but is a service instituted under the control of one of the naval bureaus. Its boys form a part of the limited number of seamen now allotted to the navy, and must vary in number according to the exactions of the regular service; the older ones being liable to be drafted prematurely for active duty on shipboard. One hundred and twenty-five have been thus transferred, within two months. Its appropriations are also limited. The naval committee of Congress have reported favorably in reference to its distinct and permanent establishment, and recommended a generous annual appropriation. No intelligent member of the national government can fail, upon a personal examination of its promise, or a consideration of its necessity, to look favorably upon this action of the committee, when it comes up for discussion.

The Department has provided for the school a noble ship. It is a first-class steam frigate, pierced for more than fifty guns, with forty-three now on her decks. She had a fine record in the late war; was the admiral's flag ship at Fort Fisher, and bears the scars of honorable wounds. There are twenty-nine officers of every grade on board, and, just now, about four hundred young sailors. The officers of the ship, both line and staff, are men of character and excellent attainments. Chaplain E. K. Rawson, a Congregational minister, who is in charge of the religious welfare of the ship, is particularly adapted, by his experience and natural gifts, for his very delicate and important work. Two-thirds of the boys are Protestants. Occasionally a Roman Catholic priest holds a service with the lads of Catholic parentage. Every facility is given the moral instructors on board in the discharge of the duties of their office. The boys are permitted to seek their confidences and counsels. They have daily prayers on board, which are exceedingly impressive services; preaching and a Bible class, which all attend, on every Sabbath. Both chaplains bear unhesitating testimony to the generally healthy moral tone of the young sailors.

Four days in the week they have six hours of school tuition in seamanship, gunnery and academic studies, the latter including navigation, singing and lectures on familiar scientific topics. This last-named department is under the care of Chaplain Holway, than whom a better officer for the purpose could not be found in the service. Every day the boys have active exercise in all forms of naval service. They make and mend their garments; and, to develop muscle and many deeds of endurance, they have instruction in boxing, trials of strength in boat races, and other physical exercises. The faces and forms of the lads give unmistakable evidences of a fine condition of health.

The hospital ward, with its three surgeons, has but few occupants. The regular order of a man-of-war, the perfection of neatness everywhere apparent, the promptness of obedience, the gentlemanly recognition of officers, the variety of employment, the military drill, the discipline of school, the enlivening and softening influence of a fine band, with singing exercises among themselves—all serve to develop out of raw but good material the highest style of seamen and patriotic and honorable citizens as well.

There should be one of these ships stationed in all our principal ports. A large class of excitement-loving boys, too fond of adventure to settle down upon the farm, and quite certain to be dangerously exposed, if submitted to the temptations of the city streets, would find in these ships the restraints and discipline they need, as well as the constant physical activity, and would also afford our navy a body of young men out of which to select the best seamen that the world affords.

## THE POLITICAL PERIL AND THE REMEDY.

Stability of administration is a thing unknown in Mexico. No President remains in office longer than until the opposite party is able to depose him. His tenure of office depends upon the same authority as that of any monarch, namely, superior force. He is never allowed to serve out his term if he can be overthrown sooner. Up to the present time, the United States have adhered to what was thought to be a better plan. Officers have been allowed to remain in power undisturbed, unless guilty of high crimes and misdemeanors, until the people had an opportunity in the regular course of events to elect others. There have been many instances when the rightfulness of the election has been doubtful, and when there was a conviction on the part of a large body of the people that if the election had been honestly conducted and honestly canvassed, the officer declared elected would have been declared defeated; but the people have almost invariably submitted to the decision arrived at by forms of law, and awaited the opportunity of another election to correct the injustice. There have been some instances where officials, who were beyond question fairly elected, have been driven from office by lawless insurrection, as Governor Ames was driven from Mississippi; but in the main our people have respected legal titles and discountenanced revolutionary proceedings.

A new policy is now attempted. A long-concealed, formidable and unscrupulous plot has burst its secrecy, proclaimed its malign intent, made an assault on the peace of the nation, and won a preliminary victory in the campaign to overthrow the legally-constituted President of the nation. It is high time that people who reverence law and order took the alarm. The Potter resolution, so-called, is a dangerous attack on the stability of Republicanism in the United States. It is as threatening as the famous resolutions of 1798, in which was first formulated and promulgated that doctrine of State sovereignty and the right of secession, which led to the war of the rebellion. The meaning of the resolution, as unguardedly revealed by Mr. Potter when he introduced it, and more perspicuously by Speaker Randall, in his carefully-prepared ruling, permitting its immediate consideration as a question of privilege, is that any party which conceives itself to be unfairly treated in an election, may inaugurate measures to revolutionize the government in the middle of a Presidential term. Disguise and deny it as the authors of the resolution may, this is the real and calamitous significance of the action begun by the Democratic party in the House of Representatives on the 13th of May. No one who has carefully watched the current of events in Washington, and the course of the Democratic party leaders, can longer doubt that they meditate an act not less threatening in its consequences than was the secession of the Southern States when a President not to their liking was elected. They intend, if they can find a plausible pretext for the crime, to overthrow the lawfully-constituted administration of the government, and establish another in its place, not by election, but by revolution. They protest that they do not mean war, but they do so because they believe the North will suffer such a revolution to be achieved peacefully, as they believed it would suffer secession to be accomplished peacefully.

It is folly for anybody to rest in security. There is no safety except in making it impossible for the men who have formed this plot and dared attempt its execution, to complete their work. Give them the power to do it, and they may be depended upon to disregard every restraint of law or patriotism, as every leader of the same party have often done to accomplish their aims. How shall they be prevented? There is only one way; but fortunately, it is a possible and effectual way. After the 4th of March the Senate will be Democratic. If the next House of Representatives has a Democratic majority, it will be in the power of Congress to refuse longer to recognize Hayes as president, and compel a choice between revolution or anarchy. If the next House of Representatives has a Republican majority, this dangerous conspiracy will be balked. This momentous issue is to be decided, not so much by the action of Congress, as by the action of the people of the country in the coming elections.

There is too good reason for the opinion that the conservative party holds the Senate by an uncertain tenure now, and some grounds for the fear that if the revolutionists should make the issue before there are any changes in that body, they might succeed. But they will not be ready before the partisan investigation now ordered has prepared the material upon which they rely to excuse the crime, and if the people this fall shall render a decisive verdict against them, they will not have the hardihood to defy that condemnation.

## Editorial Items.

We had an opportunity, last week, of witnessing one of the peculiar religious institutions of New York—the May procession of the Protestant Sunday-school children. In the city proper, the army of children has become so formidable in numbers that a general procession is given up, although the city streets are made alive on the Sunday-school Anniversary with local troops of little ones moving to their churches and chapels; but in Brooklyn, thirty thousand young people, in three great divisions, with a forest of beautiful banners, march on appointed routes to some park where they pass in review before the pastors of the Churches. In Harlem, where we had the pleasure of enjoying the services, the procession reached the number of four thousand by count. Two or three school first met together in one of the largest churches, to unite in singing carefully-prepared songs and to listen to short and interesting addresses. At an appointed hour, under the direction of a marshal and numerous aids, all these bright and happy bodies of neatly-dressed children, with their teachers, moved to given posts, from into two extended lines, and then marched into Morris Park—a charming public rendezvous—to the music of one of the best of the city bands. The day was one of the finest of the season. Thousands of spectators crowded into the park. The pastors of the Churches took their stand under the United States flag, and after three rousing cheers, and the singing, by the many thousands, of America, to the strains of a lively melody, the whole company marched by the stand saluting their ministers, and then moved back to their own churches, where a collation was prepared for the children. The whole display was far more than a simple source of gratification to the children. This, it was judged, the joy of their city, to walk over the green, velvet grass, to breathe the sweet fragrance of the flowers, and to walk to the inspiring music of the finest band of the city, was manifested in the exultation beaming upon every face, while the general order showed the influence of the religious training they are receiving. But the procession was but a powerful discourse and a prophecy. It showed the present power and the future promise of Protestantism in a portion of the city where Romanism has a large population. The sight could but give strength and encouragement to Christian pastors and workers, to see this goodly force of young Christian soldiers under the best of training for future efficient service. It also exhibited a happy Christian alliance formed in early and susceptible hours. Young disciples, meeting in each others' churches, and marching, and singing, and shouting together, will readily believe that while they have their nurture in separate Christian families, they form but one great army, under a common Master, and from their different religious homes, are moving towards the same common centre in the city of the Great King.

Wellesley College held a high festival on its beautiful grounds and in its noble academic halls, last Thursday. The whole day was given to this unique and beautiful festival. The occasion of it was the public inauguration of the Students' Aid Society, for the assistance of young women of superior promise, eager to avail themselves of the remarkable opportunities of the college, but unable to meet even its limited expenses. Thirty-five pupils were added last year, but many more were reluctantly denied for lack of money. The aid of the Students' Aid Society is to be found among those receiving this assistance. The aid is bestowed in the form of a loan without interest, to be refunded when the parties are able to do so. From six to eight hundred visitors were present on the occasion—the Governor of the State, clergy members of different denominations, and a large number of friends of the students. The assembly was as significant from its social and intellectual weight as from its numbers. The elegant grounds of the institution (200 acres) never looked fairer, and the charming lake at its foot, with the unsurpassed gardens of Mr. Hunnells on the opposite shore, made the whole scene a picture of beauty. The rich park and the lake, the college buildings, the comfortable recreation rooms, its admirable chemical laboratory and suites of rooms and appliances for lectures and experiments in physics, and its gem of a library, with its twelve or fifteen thousand volumes. At three o'clock the great company filed the beautiful chapel, listened to the report of the secretary of the society, enjoyed the pleasant excitement of the announcement in succession of three five-thousand-dollar scholarships, the gift to their donors of a tasteful wreath of flowers by delegations of young ladies, and heard a sound and eloquent discourse by Rev. Benson Thorne upon the vital importance of educating in harmony the spiritual with the intellectual portion of our youth. The relation of the Bible to the highest forms of mental training, and the glorious possibilities that may be reached by a positively Christian training. After the address the company were carried in barges to some of the noble sights in the vicinity, or were rowed, if they preferred, by the healthy girls, dressed in their picturesque uniforms, over the lake, in neat boats. A supper as abundant and varied as the lunch, prepared for the evening dessert of music—a fine concert by experienced singers and performers having been arranged. Only too early for many of the visitors, the railroad train called them back to the city. Altogether it was a day long to be remembered, both by the girls, the friends of the important society thus happily recognized, and the hundreds of grateful guests.

The daily papers of last week announced the not unexpected death of Mrs. Harriet M. Bradford, wife of Dr. James General Bradford, U. S. N. There are those living who remember well that happy home, at the head of Prince Street, when the great sailor preacher was in the maturity of his wonderful genius, and his queenly wife spread an air of sweet and dignified, but cheerful, plety over the whole household. These happy visitors in that lively, witty, generous home, well remember the handsome girls that were just stepping out into womanhood, well-educated, and with much of the father's versatility and readiness of wit, and the younger bright and merry little girls that made the father's sensitive heart leap with their joyous voices. What a change the years have wrought! How silent is that memorable corner! What has happened to the old chapel? It seems rather a great tombstone than a sanctuary of prayer! Harriet had just left school, and was "coming out"—a very attractive young maiden. Deborah, who bore the maternal name, was turning her eyes toward Wilbraham; Ellen and Eliza were still the home pets. Years ago, Father Taylor broke the charmed circle first, and entered the skies; the sainted mother then followed; and now the circle of the children is broken for the first time. Mrs. Brigham (Deborah), Mrs. Judge Russell (Eliza), and Mrs. Rev. J. W. F. Barnes (Ellen), with the only son, Edward T., remain behind. How many prayers have been offered at No. 1, Prince Street, by now sainted bishops and godly ministers that this family circle might be ultimately gathered, unbroken, in the heavenly mansions!

The Round Lake Sunday-school Assembly opens this year July 16th, and continues ten days. It is to be conducted by the prince of normal instructors in these summer holidays, Dr. J. H. Vincent, assisted by such a corps of special lecturers, preachers, and Sunday-school illustrators, as he alone is capable of summoning around him. There will be brought to the Assembly also, or provided on the grounds, the various exhibitions of Oriental and Biblical customs, costumes, and sacred rites and symbols, which have been arranged in late years. A Pavilion, which attracted so much attention at Chautauque, will be constructed, and a native Syrian will be present to explain the Scriptural localities. The natural scenery of Round Lake is very attractive; it is already finely built up with cottages, and enjoys the best opportunities for board and lodgings. It is but a few miles from Saratoga; and with its interesting series of lessons, lectures, exhibitions and sermons, offers a peculiarly inviting opportunity to combine pleasure and instruction. The course of lessons to be used at the Round Lake Assembly, can be obtained of John D. Rodgers, Round Lake, N. Y.; S. S. Brainerd, Troy; D. R. Niver and S. R. Gray, Albany; or Nelson & Phillips, 303 Broadway, New York, at 25 cents each. Write for the "Guide to the Round Lake Sunday-school Assembly Lessons for 1878." On application to Jos. Hillman, Troy, N. Y., a complete programme will be sent to any party. With the book and the programme, any one can come to the Assembly bringing a class thoroughly conversant with its lessons for every day.

*Harper's Monthly* for June opens with a pleasantly-written description of the memorable localities along the "South Shore" of Plymouth County. The paper is finely illustrated with views of the monuments and remains of the Pilgrims in Plymouth, of Webster's home at Marshfield, of Governor Andrews' memorial at Hingham, and the wild shore line of Cohasset. The paper opens with a dramatic scene of the war of the Enchanted Isle. This number has its usual continued and short tales, and its abundant and entertaining miscellany.

The memorial service was held in Bromfield Street Church, last Thursday evening, to gather up and impress the ailing features in the character and life of our late departed Father A. D. Merrill. Bishop Foster presided. Devotional services were conducted by Rev. W. F. Mallicott, D. D., and Rev. Samuel Kelley, who entered the New England Conference in the same class with Father Merrill; and excellent addresses, full of touching reminiscences, were made by Rev. A. D. Sargent and Drs. Crowell and Thayer. The beautiful hymn of the late Dr. W. Hunter, for which Father Merrill wrote a melody that will be united with it forever, was sung by the choir. All the exercises were impressive and wholesome. The fathers are falling. Their sons have entered into the broad results of their devoted and self-sacrificing labors; they are now "baptized to the dead"; they will prove themselves to be worthy of their parentage and a melody that will be united with it forever, was sung by the choir. All the exercises were impressive and wholesome. The fathers are falling. Their sons have entered into the broad results of their devoted and self-sacrificing labors; they are now "baptized to the dead"; they will prove themselves to be worthy of their parentage and a melody that will be united with it forever, was sung by the choir. All the exercises were impressive and wholesome.

The *Atlantic Monthly* opens its June number with a critique upon the essayist Doubt, which is followed by an imaginary conversation between Socrates and Decalogue upon Decorative Art, which has a pertinent modern application. Bishop's Demoid completes its seventh chapter. H. H. has a pretty little poem on "The New England Annual Conference of the M. E. Church." DEAR FATHERS AND BRETHREN: For the first time in fifty-four years I am obliged to be absent from our annual gathering, so that I cannot answer to my name as the roll is called. But my heart and sympathies are, as ever, united with the ministers and membership of the M. E. Church. My health is better, but not so vigorous as of old. I love God—O, I do with all my heart! Death has no terrors to present to my tranquil spirit, and I am ready to leave this earthly, constantly flowing on to the rest remaining for the people of God. My work is done in the ministry, and I am waiting the call of my Father to bid me come home.

The corresponding secretaries of the M. E. Missionary Society, aided by Rev. J. T. Gracey, are carrying through the press of our Book Room, as rapidly as the difficulties of securing fullness and accuracy permit, a history of the Missionary Society of the Church, with the origin and progress of the various stations, and a selection from the numerous incidents which have occurred, and the very valuable correspondence of missionaries which has been gathering for nearly half a century. The secretaries perform this work in addition to their other duties solely for the benefit of the society, and they will gratefully receive any aid and suggestions that may be offered in reference to any part of our missionary work. The book will be anxiously expected and warmly welcomed when completed.

A new applicant for ministerial patronage reaches us, under the title of the *Sermonizer*—a monthly magazine devoted to homiletical literature. Rev. J. C. Hornberger, editor and publisher, Lebanon, Pa. It publishes a full sermon in each number, and numerous sketches by different ministers, well varied and instructive homiletical miscellany. It seems to be ably conducted, and may be useful to young ministers, if its outline sermons are not too freely relied upon, and made crutches for indolence.

The *Princeton Review* for May has nearly three hundred octavo pages of "substantial literature." It opens with a fine article from the pen of Dr. E. D. Fessenden, on "Paris, upon the religious condition of France of today." The paper is an admirable résumé of the status of Romanism and Protestantism in that country. The prospect is not very encouraging, but there are hopeful intimations. Principal Dawson has an instructive paper upon evolution and the apparition of animal forms; Dr. E. A. Washburn, upon the relation of the doctrine of personal resurrection to modern sciences; Prebendary Row, of London, upon God's three-fold revelation of Himself; Dr. J. P. Thompson, upon the Christian and social drift of Europe; Dr. A. P. Peabody treats of Science and Revelation; Dr. C. Wines, of Crime, its Cause and Cure; John F. Wells, of Yale College, of American Art and its Prospects; Dr. J. H. Melville of the Miracle of Creation; Prof. Philip Schaff of Disputed Scriptural Localities, and James Anthony Froude, of England and her colonies. Of several of these papers, which demand attention both on account of their subjects and their authors, we must speak at length hereafter. This great bi-monthly is at once assuming a high position in periodical literature, and well sustaining itself. Its publication office is 37 Park Row, New York city.

Rev. Dr. Mitchell has been receiving much kindness at the hands of the intelligent and benevolent men of Boston, who appreciate the importance of educational institutions, at this hour, in Texas. His health being unequal to the work of visiting and soliciting aid, personally, he has secured the services of Rev. Jacob Roberts, who is canvassing the field for him. Several of our generous publishers have made donations of books for college libraries—a great necessity of the institutions. Any such donations will be thankfully received. One lady has sent in to Mrs. Moses Sargent, who kindly receives them, more than a hundred rare and valuable volumes for this noble purpose, and \$20 in cash. Another party has donated one hundred dollars worth of valuable books. And others are sending in "one or more volumes," as requested by Dr. M. Cannot some of the readers of the *HERALD* spare at least one volume for this praiseworthy object? Moneyed contributions are also steadily coming in.

Appleton's periodicals for June, have invited literary and scientific programmes. The *Journal* and its interesting series of lessons, lectures, exhibitions and sermons, offers a peculiarly inviting opportunity to combine pleasure and instruction. The course of lessons to be used at the Round Lake Assembly, can be obtained of John D. Rodgers, Round Lake, N. Y.; S. S. Brainerd, Troy; D. R. Niver and S. R. Gray, Albany; or Nelson & Phillips, 303 Broadway, New York, at 25 cents each. Write for the "Guide to the Round Lake Sunday-school Assembly Lessons for 1878." On application to Jos. Hillman, Troy, N. Y., a complete programme will be sent to any party. With the book and the programme, any one can come to the Assembly bringing a class thoroughly conversant with its lessons for every day.

The *Sunday Afternoon* for June has the first chapters of a good story by Edward Everett Hale, illustrating the social discomforts of Yankee teachers of colored students at the South. The editorial article criticizes with mild sarcasm some of the views of modern Church charities; E. A. Washburn translates from the German a chapter of moralizing upon the inscriptions found on Egyptian monuments and tombstones generally; Susan Coolidge writes with wit and practical sense upon her personal experience, especially a riveting story in Florence Italy; W. W. C. G. gives a disclosure of mind in vegetable life; S. G. W. Benjamin writes of his adventures with venomous insects; Tyron Edwards gives a clear account of the lake dwellings of Switzerland; C. F. Thwing has an interesting paper on the Centennial of Phillips Academy, and Dr. E. H. Fitch, in specially good article, reviews the future career of the negro. The editor's table is as fresh and crisp as ever, and his book notices as critical and valuable.

Rev. W. S. Studley read at the memorial meeting of Father Merrill the following memorandum which was found among his papers. It is probably the last connected expression of his religious experience. He evidently intended to send it to the late New England Conference, but did not finish the letter:

"Dorchester, Mass., April 3, 1878.  
To the Boston and New England Annual Conference of the M. E. Church.  
DEAR FATHERS AND BRETHREN: For the first time in fifty-four years I am obliged to be absent from our annual gathering, so that I cannot answer to my name as the roll is called. But my heart and sympathies are, as ever, united with the ministers and membership of the M. E. Church. My health is better, but not so vigorous as of old. I love God—O, I do with all my heart! Death has no terrors to present to my tranquil spirit, and I am ready to leave this earthly, constantly flowing on to the rest remaining for the people of God. My work is done in the ministry, and I am waiting the call of my Father to bid me come home."

The corresponding secretaries of the M. E. Missionary Society, aided by Rev. J. T. Gracey, are carrying through the press of our Book Room, as rapidly as the difficulties of securing fullness and accuracy permit, a history of the Missionary Society of the Church, with the origin and progress of the various stations, and a selection from the numerous incidents which have occurred, and the very valuable correspondence of missionaries which has been gathering for nearly half a century. The secretaries perform this work in addition to their other duties solely for the benefit of the society, and they will gratefully receive any aid and suggestions that may be offered in reference to any part of our missionary work. The book will be anxiously expected and warmly welcomed when completed.

A new applicant for ministerial patronage reaches us, under the title of the *Sermonizer*—a monthly magazine devoted to homiletical literature. Rev. J. C. Hornberger, editor and publisher, Lebanon, Pa. It publishes a full sermon in each number, and numerous sketches by different ministers, well varied and instructive homiletical miscellany. It seems to be ably conducted, and may be useful to young ministers, if its outline sermons are not too freely relied upon, and made crutches for indolence.



Mrs. Sophia Little, wife of Col. Henry Little, formerly of Bangor, Me., died May 18th. A few years since, Mr. and Mrs. Little left their home in Maine to spend the evening of their days with an only daughter, the wife of B. F. Nourse, Esq., Beacon Street, in this city, where they have been tenderly and lovingly cared for. Mrs. Little has been quite feeble for several years past, but through all her suffering has always manifested a true Christian cheerfulness and tender thoughtfulness, which were prominent traits in her character through life.

Appropriate funeral services were held Thursday last at the residence of Mr. Nourse, conducted by Dr. Mallouin. Her body now rests at Mount Auburn, "with loved ones that have passed on before," to wait the resurrection of the just.

Since writing the above, Colonel Henry Little has passed away, at the great age of ninety years. He survived his wife for only five days. The shock was doubtless too great for his enfeebled constitution to bear; the brittle thread of life was easily broken. Both had lived to a remarkable age, and it seemed providential that death should separate them only for a few days, after an affectionate and loving fellowship of sixty-two years of married life. Gradually the sun of life withered and descended to the western horizon, and though one lingered for a moment in the twilight, they were permitted to join in that endless day that knows no evening.

Mr. Little for many years resided in Bangor, Me., where he was highly respected as a citizen and a Christian gentleman. He was a faithful member of the M. E. Church, constant in his devotion to her interests, and remarkably punctual in his attendance on all the meetings of the Church. A loyal and devoted disciple of Christ has fallen. An obituary will soon be prepared by a skillful hand.

The New York Presbytery Meeting has not a larger attendance than the Boston one. Its discussions have a noticeable similarity, save that, perhaps, the opinions expressed are, if possible, more outspoken. Dr. J. M. King read last Monday, an admirable paper upon the effect of the educational influence upon the young people in Methodist families are sublimated upon their Church loyalty, and the best modes to secure their allegiance to the Church of their fathers. It was a very robust exhortation to ministerial and parental faithfulness, and a fair criticism of the evils manifest in Church, home, and Sunday-school discipline at the present day. Drs. L. H. King, Buckley, Souder and Crook followed upon the line of thought with vigorous and instructive addresses. The subject proved so suggestive that its discussion was to be continued on the succeeding Monday. Our Churches in New York and vicinity are full of hope, and are actively prosecuting their evangelical work, trusting less and less, daily, in artificial aids. We found a house full, on the Sabbath, at the Second Avenue Church, corner of 13th Street, Harlem, where we were accustomed to worship, during the ten years of our chaplaincy on Randall's Island. It is a very lively and loving people. They have just sent away, with affectionate regrets, after a peculiarly successful term, Rev. Thomas H. Birch, and have heartily welcomed Rev. H. S. Wedel, late of the First Church, New Haven. We trust the new dispensation will even exceed the former in gracious results. We found our accomplished Doctors of the "Great Official" in fine health and spirits. They cannot conceal their comfort at the remarkable circulation, in these times of general shrinkage, of the "Official" paper. They have a wonderful field, and their success in its cultivation is for the benefit of the whole Church, and we trust, for the advancement of every good cause.

Scribner for June offers a fine summer programme. Russell Surges gives a good illustrated paper upon Cullback. Adeline Trafton and Edwin Eggleston continue their vigorous stories now evidently revealing their conclusions. An amusing story of Lesken, with silhouette illustrations, is contributed by Anna Eichberg. Charles Barnard writes upon a new American industry, which is simple peach-preservation in New Jersey. A very entertaining and instructive paper is contributed by Dr. Thomas M. Brewer upon Bird Architecture. W. L. Kingsley, publisher of the *New Englander*, continues his unmerciful scourge of Rev. Samuel P. Peters, author of the scandalous history of Connecticut, published in England in 1781, under the title of *Lying in Bed*. Many of our readers will remember his scathing articles in the *Methodist Quarterly* on the same subject. The editorial and critical chapters, with the general miscellany, are up to the excellent average of this bright monthly.

The Providence route to New York is now opened for the season. The two large and elegant steamers—the Massachusetts and the Rhode Island—are running on alternate days. After simply an hour's ride, through the scenery, from Boston to Providence, you have the most comfortable of all forms of travel to New York—a steamer with every modern convenience. In returning, you have a fine view of the city, and the officers of the boats are men of experience, and the attendants are courteous and attentive. The expense of a round trip is now only the cost of one passage a year, and less than that now paid for a fare. New York becomes a near neighbor. Two nights give us a day in that city, and a period of refreshing rest, before and after.

The second Christian Temperance Camp-Meeting, at South Framingham, Mass., under the auspices of the National Temperance Society and Publication House, is to open Tuesday, July 23rd, and continue to the 29th. It will be under the direction of Rev. D. C. Babcock, of Philadelphia—one of the secretaries of the society.

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Massachusetts, are to conduct daily prayer and conference meetings before and after the more public services. All phases of the question are to be presented, and all classes of workers are invited to participate. Rev. Dr. J. P. Newman, of New York, and Hon. Neal Dow, of Maine, have engaged to give addresses. We hope the services will be well attended and do much to promote this important cause.

Lippincott for June is as handsome a magazine as ever, and comes with a very lively list of contents. It opens with a lively illustrated sketch by a London lawyer, of the famous watering places among the Maritime Alps. Another illustrated sketch is a glance at the literature of cooking, which is now the weakness of some of our young gentlemen of wealth. We have a very graphic sketch of Prof. Dollinger by Annie Eichberg; an illustrated article upon Roumania by Edward King; a pleasant contribution upon Mrs. Elizabeth Barrett Browning, with other articles upon fresh themes, and an abundant editorial miscellany.

Professor L. T. Townsend, of Boston University, has made an able and instructive contribution to the accumulating literature of the hour upon the "last things." He entitled his volume, which is handsomely dedicated to ex-Governor Claflin, and is published by Lee and Shepard, "The Intermediate World." Dr. Townsend discusses all the direct and indirect passages of Scripture relating to the state of the dead immediately upon their departure from this world and before the general judgment. He illustrates and defends the orthodox and Protestant interpretation of Revelation upon this difficult theme, considering at length the various questions involved, which have long been, and still are, in warm discussion in reference to this disembodied state. He is especially full, candid, clear and impressive upon the important query as to the opportunity for a second probation after death. The last chapter, upon the "transit," is one of marked beauty, comfort and eloquence. The volume is one of the best which has come from the fruitful pen of its accomplished author, and will doubtless find, as have his previous volumes, a wide circulation.

The anniversary exercises at the Lasell Seminary, Auburndale, open on Sabbath, June 30th, and continue through the 13th. On Sabbath morning the Baccalaureate sermon will be preached by Bishop Foster. Examinations occur June 10-12. On Tuesday evening an elocutionary entertainment is to be given by the pupils; Class day on Wednesday afternoon, 3:30. Dr. Mark Trafton delivers the annual address to the students Wednesday evening at 7:45, on the subject of "The Christian's Duty to the World." The graduating class has its final exercises; in the afternoon, trustee meeting, and in the evening the Principal's reception.

The American Tract Society held an interesting anniversary service at Park Street Church, last Sabbath evening. It was addressed by Dr. C. D. Harris, of the Hartford Theological Seminary, Rev. Mr. Withrow, pastor of the Church, and Professor L. T. Townsend, of Boston University. Dr. Townsend thought the Society ought to give special attention to the question of socialism and communism—the peculiar national peril of the hour. Dr. Harris thought the Christian school text books were the great cause of our times. The Society is still cultivating a wide and important field.

Cassell, Petter and Galpin, London, Paris and New York, have commenced the publication of a royal octavo-page monthly, finely illustrated, entitled, the *Magazine of Art*. It has over thirty pages, and is devoted to the various forms of art, ancient and modern. It will have papers from leading artists, and the best writers upon the different branches of this pleasant theme. It will give a full exposition of the Paris Exhibition. The first number for May has a fine selection of papers with an attractive collection of illustrations. 25 cents a number.

The Young Men's Christian Association hold their Quarterly Convention for the eastern districts of Massachusetts in Newtontown, Tuesday, June 4. The afternoon session at the rooms of the Association, White Block; the evening, at the First Congregational Church, Mr. James M. Forster, Rev. F. A. Ward, Mr. H. H. Moore, will read essays, conduct devotional meetings, and review the work of the delegates. General discussions will be had by the delegates.

Rev. William Taylor is in Boston, arranging the course of the young men's theological seminary, who are to fill the positions on the coast of South America which he has already occupied during his late visit. He has in his company some of the most promising and devoted of the students. They go out full of holy courage and Christian faith. Brother Taylor preached for Rev. R. W. Clark, the present pastor of the Church, the text being the 13th and 14th verses of the 45th Psalm. In 1851 Dr. James Porter, pastor of the Methodist Church, suggested the formation of another Methodist Church on the island, but not till the spring of 1853 did the movement take shape. In April, Benjamin Hill was hired, and Rev. Chester Field was appointed by the Conference first pastor of the new Church. His sermons were full of timely instruction, and were greatly enjoyed. Dr. McCabe preached in both churches, and delivered an address on temperance in city hall, and on Monday evening delivered his lecture on "The bright side of the prison." Of course he took a collection for the Church at Salt Lake City. His sermons, addresses, and lectures, were greatly enjoyed.

The pastor baptised two and received ten into full communion in the First Church, Bangor, May 5th. The ladies have repaired the vestry of this church, giving it an air of comfort and beauty as it never had before. It was occupied for the first time, since repaired, Sunday evening, the 26th.

Dr. Stone has taken up his work with good courage and improved health. His people rejoice and give thanks for his return and the restoration of his health.

Rev. W. W. Marsh is busy adjusting his new home in Bangor. His appointment to the office of Presiding Elder is enthusiastically received by all on Bangor district, and his settlement in Bangor is greeted with delight, he having served a pleasant pastorate among this people.

Brewer gave their pastor a hearty reception, the 23d. The storm was rendered cheerful, and the gloom dispersed by happy faces, kind words, and many substantial gifts.

Bangor has been visited by a goodly number of preachers and their families, en route for their new homes and fields of labor—Brothers Jewell, Hanson, Byrne, Morse, Southern, Dunn, Edridge and Townsend. All are happy and full of hope.

The Baptist church of Sebec has been thoroughly repaired, and was re-dedicated May 8th. Rev. Mr. Bickford was ordained pastor. The Russian officers on the Cimbria are to participate in the services of Memorial Day in Bangor. A supper is to be served at the Bangor House after the services.

Y. M. C. A. Notes.

There are 134 general secretaries in the United States and British Provinces.

Over 10,000 men were provided with employment by the various Associations during the past year.

The work recently begun at St. Albans, Vt., by Secretary E. D. Inzeroff, is still in progress. Depot and cottage meetings are held each week for the benefit of railroad men, and the attendance is still very encouraging.

The Georgia State Convention will meet at Gainesville, June 5th.

Through the labors of Mr. Robert Weidemann, western agent of the international committee Y. M. C. A., sixteen new associations have been organized in the State of Tennessee.

[Church News continued on 6th page.]

The conductors of the Baldwin Home for Little Wanderers make their thirteenth annual report. Their rooms are crowded; their wants are met even in these hard times; for who can resist the cry of childhood? They are doing a blessed work. Their anniversary last week was a very impressive and delightful service, as it usually is. Revs. R. S. Toles and S. C. Cummings are still its active managers.

A correspondent thus writes from Waterville: "A most gratifying religious work has been in progress here during the last two months. About the middle of March, Brother Littlefield and two other brethren accepted an invitation from our three evangelical Churches, to hold a three days' meeting here, the third day being the Sabbath. The key-note of the work was struck in the very first meeting, when a number requested prayers. The meetings were tender, thoughtful, and earnest, and when Sunday evening service closed, such had been the result, that it was the unanimous conviction that the union services under these brethren ought to be continued. Two evening meetings were held during the week, and services all day Sunday—all of them being largely attended, and the union services on the Sabbath being crowded. Many rose for prayer, and many came to the light, not only of young people, but also heads of families."

"Bros. Moore of Boston, Remington of Fall River, and Winslow of Norwood—Brother Littlefield, on account of his health, not being able to be present—came for a third Sunday, the work was so encouraging, that the visits of these brethren on these three Sundays, and these really union meetings, in which pastors and people were as one, will not soon be forgotten by these Churches."

"It should be a matter of sincerest regret to all, that so noble a lay evangelist as Brother Littlefield, whose work God has so signally blessed, should be obliged to relinquish his religious work on account of ill-health. Some fifty—part of whom are promising young men—it is expected will be gathered into the Churches as the fruits of this effort, the number being pretty nearly divided among the three Churches. Five of those who are to unite with the Methodist Church received baptism by immersion at the Baptist church last Sunday afternoon, the society kindly loaning their baptism for the purpose. Some eighteen have already been received on probation, and several more are yet to be added to the number. An excellent spirit still lingers in the Churches, and our prayer-meetings are very interesting."

As an outcome of this work, the Churches, by a united organization, under the name of the Union Temperance League of Waterville, with Delano March, Esq., as president, are about to take hold of the temperance work."

The Methodist Church at Brookline held their annual Sunday-school concert on the evening of May 23d. The choir of the Meridian Street M. E. Church, East Boston, furnished a large share of the music, and gave a very good performance. The entertainment. The Sunday-school infant class, under the direction of their teacher, Mrs. Downer, sang and spoke pleasantly. Miss Power and Mr. Curry read some pieces well, and Miss Wright and Chancy sang with fine effect. The attendance was good, and the appreciation of the productions marked. Every one says it was the best concert ever held in this church.

The Old Colony Memorial of May 9th says: "Before leaving Uxbridge, Conn., his last place of settlement, Rev. F. A. Crafts, lately of the First Church in that town, in charge of the Pleasant Street M. E. Church, in this town, received a most flattering testimonial of the esteem in which he was held by the people of Uxbridge. On the eve of his departure, they met at the parsonage in great numbers, and placed in his hands a beautiful and costly testimonial. Last Friday evening the counterpart of the above took place at the vestry of the church in Plymouth, being a welcome from the warm-hearted people of his present pastorate. The gathering was a cordial demonstration of sympathy, and will go far to promote harmony among all concerned, and unity in Christian endeavor."

EAST MAINE.

The Methodist Churches of Bangor were visited by Bishop Merrill and Dr. McCabe on the first Sabbath of May. The Bishop preached in the morning at the First Church, and in the evening at Union Street. His sermons were full of timely instruction, and were greatly enjoyed. Dr. McCabe preached in both churches, and delivered an address on temperance in city hall, and on Monday evening delivered his lecture on "The bright side of the prison." Of course he took a collection for the Church at Salt Lake City. His sermons, addresses, and lectures, were greatly enjoyed.

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[Church News continued on 6th page.]

### APPORTIONMENT OF BENEVOLENT MONIES FOR STATIONS AND CIRCUITS IN THE MAINE CONFERENCE.

PORTLAND DISTRICT.									
NAMES OF CHURCHES.	Gr. Am. Miss. Soc.	Am. Ch. Soc.	Pr. Presb. Soc.	Ep. Soc.	U. S. Presb. Soc.	U. S. Presb. Soc.	U. S. Presb. Soc.	U. S. Presb. Soc.	U. S. Presb. Soc.
Portland, Chestnut St.	\$300	\$116	\$47	\$40	\$150	\$47	\$35	\$47	\$24
" Pine St.	250	85	34	25	100	34	30	34	18
" Congress St.	125	40	16	10	10	12	16	10	8
" West End.	20	7	3	2	9	2	3	2	2
" Island Church.	30	10	4	3	12	4	3	4	2
" Woodlands.	50	10	4	3	12	4	3	4	2
Bowery Beach.	20	7	3	2	9	2	3	2	2
Cape Elizabeth Depot.	75	25	10	8	30	10	8	10	5
Ferry Village.	75	25	10	8	30	10	8	10	5
Scarborough.	15	5	2	1	6	2	1	2	1
Saco.	200	70	28	20	85	28	21	14	7
Biddeford.	250	85	34	25	100	34	30	34	18
So. Biddeford Circuit.	50	17	7	6	20	7	6	7	4
Goodwin's Mills.	40	14	6	5	18	6	5	4	3
Kennebunk.	50	17	7	6	20	7	6	7	4
Kennebunk Depot.	80	27	11	9	33	11	9	11	6
Kennebunkport.	15	5	2	1	6	2	1	2	1
Marblehead Ridge.	30	10	4	3	12	4	3	4	2
Ogunquit.	30	10	4	3	12	4	3	4	2
Berwick.	50	17	7	6	20	7	6	7	4
South Berwick.	50	17	7	6	20	7	6	7	4
East and Southland.	60	20	8	7	25	8	7	8	4
South Eliot.	33	11	5	4	15	5	4	5	3
Kittery Navy Yard.	30	10	4	3	12	4	3	4	2
Kittery.	35	12	5	4	15	5	4	5	3
York.	60	20	8	7	25	8	7	8	4
Saco.	100	34	14	11	40	14	11	14	7
Gorham High St.	25	8	3	2	10	3	2	3	2
" North St.	35	12	5	4	15	5	4	5	3
Buxton.	22	8	3	2	9	3	2	3	2
South Standish and Hollis.	17	5	2	1	6	2	1	2	1
Hollis Centre.	15	5	2	1	6	2	1	2	1
Alfred.	50	17	7	6	20	7	6	7	4
Newfield.	15	5	2	1	6	2	1	2	1
W. Newfield.	15	5	2	1	6	2	1	2	1
Shapleigh and Acton.	25	9	4	3	12	4	3	4	2
Baldwin and Hiram.	50	17	7	6	20	7	6	7	4
Corvick and Kears Falls.	75	25	10	8	30	10	8	10	5
Denmark.	10	4	2	1	6	2	1	2	1
Brookton.	60	20	8	7	25	8	7	8	4
Napies.	20	7	3	2	9	2	3	2	2
S. Waterville, Sweden and Stoneham.	40	14	6	5	18	6	5	4	3
Oldfield and So. Harrison.	35	12	5	4	15	5	4	5	3
Frederick and Thompson.	30	10	4	3	12	4	3	4	2
Conway and Conway Centre.	40	14	6	5	18	6	5	4	3
Barrett and North Conway.	50	17	7	6	20	7	6	7	4
South B. Y. Islands.	35	12	5	4	15	5	4	5	3
Harpersville.	30	10	4	3	12	4	3	4	2
Falmouth and Cumberland.	30	10	4	3	12	4	3	4	2
Gray and West Cumberland.	30	10	4	3	12	4	3	4	2
Raymond.	15	5	2	1	6	2	1	2	1
Norris Yarmouth.	50	17	7	6	20	7	6	7	4
Durham and North Fownal.	50	17	7	6	20	7	6	7	4
North Fownal.	30	10	4	3	12	4	3	4	2
Bath, Wesley Church.	200	70	28	20	85	28	21	14	7
" Beacon St.	150	50	17	13	50	17	13	17	9
Bowdoinham.	50	17	7	6	20	7	6	7	4

LEWISTON DISTRICT.									
NAMES OF CHURCHES.	Gr. Am. Miss. Soc.	Am. Ch. Soc.	Pr. Presb. Soc.	Ep. Soc.	U. S. Presb. Soc.	U. S. Presb. Soc.	U. S. Presb. Soc.	U. S. Presb. Soc.	U. S. Presb. Soc.
Lewiston, Park St.	250	85	34	25	100	34	30	34	18
" Beacon St.	150	50	17	13	50	17	13	17	9
Auburn.	100	40	16	10	40	16	10	16	8
North Auburn.	50	17	7	6	20	7	6	7	4
East Poland and Minot.	25	10	4	3	12	4	3	4	2
Libon.	15	5	2	1	6	2	1	2	1
Chandron.	20	7	3	2	9	2	3	2	2
Gardiner.	200	70	28	20	85	28	21	14	7
Hallowell.	175	60	20	16	60	20	16	20	10
Augusta.	200	70	28	20	85	28	21	14	7
W. Augusta.	20	7	3	2	9	2	3	2	2
Belgrade.	15	5	2	1	6	2	1	2	1
Waterville.	175	60	20	16	60	20	16	20	10
Fairfax.	40	14	6	5	18	6	5	4	3
West Waterville and North Sidney.	30	10	4	3	12	4	3	4	2
Skowhegan and Norridgewood.	100	40	16	10	40	16	10	16	8
Madison Bridge and Mercer.	60	20	8	7	25	8	7	8	4
Sutton.	38	13	6	5	15	6	5	6	3
No. Anson.	40	14	6	5	18	6	5	4	3
Kingsfield Circuit.	20	7	3	2	9	2	3	2	2
New Portland and New Vineyard.	25	9	4	3	12	4	3	4	2
Industry and Stark.	30	10	4	3	12	4	3	4	2
New Sharon and Farmington Falls.	40	14	6	5	18	6	5	4	3
Mount Vernon and Vienna.	40	14	6	5	18	6	5	4	3
Kennel Hill and Readfield Corner.	200	70	28	20	85	28	21	14	7
East Readfield.	35	12	5	4	15	5	4	5	3
Winthrop.	150	50	17	13	50	17	13	17	9
Monmouth.	60	20	8	7	25	8	7	8	4
Leeds.	25	9	4	3	12	4	3	4	2
Wayne.	25	9	4	3	12	4	3	4	2
Fayette and East Livermore.	75	25	10	8	30	10	8	10	5
Livermore.	35	12	5	4	15	5	4	5	3
Hartford and Peru.	15	5	2	1	6	2	1	2	1



## The Family.

## THE LORD MY ADVOCATE.

BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

O Lord, my God, the trial hour draws near  
For which I pray, yet which so much I fear;  
O grant Thy strength, Thy patience to me still,  
That I may calmly meet each fated ill!  
Thou that hast led me all my lonely days,  
Thou that hast guarded me in danger's ways,  
Thou that hast been my "certain dwelling-place,"  
(None other have I on the earth's broad face.)  
Thou that hast seen my needs, my anguish sore,  
And known my wrongs, my woe, my woe more,  
That seem me helpless as the leaves that fall,  
To be neglected "neath the feet of all,"  
Be Thou my helper, my sustainer, Thou!  
'Twas in Thy fear I made at first my vow  
To follow out, as closely as I might,  
Despite all arts, the path Thou callest right.  
Be to me mouth and wisdom, make me brave;  
Thou only, Lord, for "present help" I have!  
All who best loved me died long years ago,  
Or dwell afar, or shrink before my foe.

In days of old Thou didst their cause ap-  
prove,  
Who were so hated for their father's love;  
Beloved Joseph, Jacob, Jephthah bold—  
Naught that they asked didst Thou, O Lord,  
Withhold;  
And these, like me, had to Thy help no claim.  
But Thy dear mercy, Mine is just the same.  
My need is greater, for a woman I;  
With heart so weary that I long to die;  
But I must live and toil and suffer still,  
Seeking to do, through weakness, Thy dear will.  
Guide and sustain me! Calm me in the hour  
When most I need to feel Thy calming power.

Oh, if needs must be that Satan reign,  
As in Pergamos do Thou me sustain;  
Against corruption may I testify,  
Then turn away, to rest in peace and die.  
It is Thy will, strange though it doth appear,  
That Satan should have frequent triumphs here;  
But like the falling leaves before the blast,  
His days of victory are rushing past;  
And soon Thy children will be gathered home.

Where "Satan's synagogues" can never come.  
All that we do, O Lord, forgive,  
But let no hypocrite before Thee live!

## THE PIOUS HEDGER.

[FROM NESTLETON MAGAZINE.]

BY REV. JOHN LIVESLEY.

## THIRD PART.

## A YORKSHIRE CLASS MEETING.

The class of which Adam Oliver was leader, met in his own cottage, and consisted chiefly of the older members of the Nestleton society, and numbered twelve or fourteen men and women who were "asking their way to Zion, with their faces thitherward." The lowly and tidy little room was always made as neat as a new pin by the diligent Judith for the class-meetings, though that state of things was by no means exceptional; for Judith, like most of the East Yorkshire peasantry, prided herself on the cleanliness of her cosy cottage. A strip or two of carpet was laid here and there upon the well-washed brick floor. A hearth-rug made of short strips of cloth, knitted in many colors, and neat of pattern, lay upon the white hearth-stone, on the borders of which, not covered by the rug, a little red sand was strewn, to facilitate future sweeping operations, and to give a looser tenancy to dirt. The grate, hob, and oven were brightly polished with black lead, and the iron-bar and "recker" over the fire-place, used for suspending culinary pot and kettle, were as bright as burnished steel. Half a dozen wooden chairs, a small, old-fashioned dresser and plate-rack, a clock of contemporary age, whose long case stood upright against the wall, an odd-looking corner cupboard perched more than half-way up an angle of the room, and a little round table, covered with glazed American cloth, completed the furniture of the room.

On class-meeting nights, the sitting accommodation was increased by the introduction of two little wooden forms of Adam's own construction. A well-worn Bible and the ubiquitous Wesleyan hymn-book were laid upon the table, and Adam's spectacles, in a wooden case, were laid by his side, as regularly as Wednesday night came round. As the clock strikes seven, eight, or nine members have arrived; and each having bent the knee in a moment's silent prayer, sits mute until the patriarchal leader dons his glasses, opens at a favorite hymn, and says—  
"Let us commence 't' worship ov God be singin' t' hymn on t' foliot page, common measure:—"

"Jesus, the precious 'igh over all,  
'T' hall or 'arth or sky;  
Angels an' men before it fall,  
An' devils fear an' fly."

The first two lines are then given out again, and Jabez Hepton starts the time. A few verses are thus disposed of, two lines at a time, and then the old man leads them at the Throne of grace, in a quietly earnest prayer. Adam always had "a good time" on these occasions, and many responses from the more enthusiastic members attest their full sympathy with his petitions. Pulling off his glasses as the members resume their seats, Adam folds his hands on the open book, and says—

"Ah! st'ill gannin' on t' oad road, an' ah bless the Lord 'at ah's nearer salvation now than when fust ah be-leaved. Ah fiond 'at t' way dizn't get 'arder bad easier 'as ah gan on. Ah used to hev monny 'a tussle w' me neamsake, t' Gad Adam, an' he's off us throwin' ma, 't' Strangzer then he's about tond him out, an' ah feel 'at the Lord's will is ma' will mair than fiver

it was afore. Ah's cummin' fast to d' end o' mah jonna, an' ah's just waitin' at t' Beautiful Gayt o' t' temple, till the Lord cumm' an' lifts ma' up; then ah sail gan in, as t' leaman man did, leavin' an' singin' and praisin' God. Noo, Brother Hepton, hoo is it in your sowl to-neet?"

Jabez Hepton is rather a reticent and thoughtful man, troubled at times with doubts—a kind of Nicodemus, who is given to asking, "How can these things be?"

"Well," he says, "I'm not quite up to the mark, somehow. I have no trust in Jesus, an' I don't want to have. But I've a good many doubts an' fears; why, not fears exactly, but questionings and uncertainties; an' they do disturb me a' times a good bit. I pray for grace to overcome 'em. May the Lord help me!"

"Help yo," said Adam, "to be sear He will. Bat you mun help yersen. If a fellow cumm' into my hoose to mak ma' miserable, an' begins to pull t' winder cottaen doon an' rake t' fire out, tellin' ma 'at darkness an' gloom's best for ma, ah sudn't begin to argy wiv him. Ah sud say, 'Cum, hod thi noise an' bundle out. Ah knoa better than that, an' ah'll hev as mitch daylight as ah can get.' Noo theese doots o' yours; they cum for nease good, an' they shunt t' sunleat o' faith out o' yer heart. Noo, deean't ax 'em to sit doon an' hev a crack o' talk about it, an' lissen t'v 'em till you're hoaf out o' yer wits. Say, 'Git out, ah deean't want yo,' an' ah weean't hae yo!' an' oppen t' dooar an' expect 'em to gan. Measly, you'll find 'at they'll tak t' hint an' vanish like a dream. Brother Hepton, doots is nease trouble if yo' weean't giv 'em hoose-room. Ques-tions weean't bother yo' if yo' deean't give 'em an answer. An' whatev'er yo' deen, fill your head wiv t' Word o' God. 'It's written!' 'It's written!' that's the way to settle 'em. Sister Petch, hoo are you gettin' on?"

Sister Petch is an aged widow, poor amongst the poorest, an infirm and weakly woman, living a solitary life, but ever upborne by a cheerful Christian content, beautiful to see.  
"Why, I've nothing but what's good to say of my gracious Lord and Saviour. Sometimes ah gets a bit low-spirited an' dowlly, especially when my rheumatism keeps me from sleepin'; but I go straight to the Cross, and when I cry, 'Lord, help me!' I get abundant strength. The Lord won't lay on me more than ah'm able to bear, an' sometimes He makes my peace to flow like a river, My Saviour's love makes up for all my sorrows."  
"Hey, mah deean sister, ah'll warrant it diz. You an' me's gettin' oad an' crecky, an' the Lord's lowrin' t' pins o' w'er taberneckle ridly for t' flit-in'. Bud if t' hoose o' this taberneckle be dissolved, we knoa 'at we've a buildin' ov God. Till that day cumm, 'Lord, help me!' is a stout crutch to walk wiv, an' a sharp sword to fight wiv, an' a soft pillow to lig over heade on, an' a capital glass to get a leek at heaven through. The Lord knoa all about it, Peggy, an' He says to yo', 'Ah knoa thi patience an' thi povarty, but thoo's rich; and bless His neeam, you'll be a good deal richer yet."

"On all the kings o' 'arth,  
W' p'ity we leek doo;  
An' claim t' virtue o' w'er beth,  
A niver fadin' crown."

Halleluia, Peggy! You're sear o' all yo' want for tahme an' for ternity. Brother Lybourn, tell us o' the Lord's deeanin' t' yo'."

## VERSES.

I.  
A sleeping giant in his cloak of grass—  
The strong great hill that lifts against the sky;  
And nothing wakes him, even when we climb  
For up with careless footsteps, you and I,  
Though God's life is the life that moves the world,  
Our lives are still our own to hold and use;  
And though all nature lives to show us God,  
Yet in it heart and consciousness abide,  
I more and more its faithful friend-up know.  
And so, when restless and afloat, I keep  
Great comfort to a quietness like this:  
An awful strength that lies in fearless sleep;  
On this great shoulder lay my head, no mis-  
The things I longed for but an hour ago.

II.  
It sometimes happens that two friends will meet  
And with a smile and touch of hands,  
Go on their way along the noisy street;  
Each is so sure of all the friendship sweet,  
The loving silence gives no thought of pain.  
And so, I think, those friends whom we call dead  
Are with us. It may be some quiet hour  
Or time of busy work for hand or head—  
Their love fills all the heart that missed them out.  
They bring a sweet assurance of the life  
Serene, above the worry that we know;  
And we grow braver for the comfort brought.  
Why should we mourn because they do not speak  
Our words that lie so far below their thought?  
— Sunday Afternoon, for June.

## PENSÉE.

BY M. E. B. T.

"I cannot come, Fannie. It is useless to urge me, for even if I asked it, I am sure mother would not consent," and the speaker, a girl of some sixteen years, turned to enter the open gate.  
"Well, but why not, Pansy? Don't you care to come? We shall have such a gay time. Mother has promised to have every arrangement that can add to its pleasantness. Oh, I wish it was to-night! I do so love to dance."

"Well, Fannie, I cannot dance, and you can scarcely expect that I would find much enjoyment when dancing is the chief amusement. As for my mother's reasons for objecting to my attending dances, I will not attempt to give them, now at least, for it is quite late

for me, and she will be needing me, I fear. So good-night," and she hurried up the walk and quickly entered the wide hall of the pleasant, unpretentious dwelling, which gave evidence even from without of being truly a home.

Having divested herself of books and wraps, she gently pushed the parlor door ajar and looked in. A sister some eight years older, who was softly playing on the grand organ which nearly filled one end of the room, put her finger on her lips as if enjoining silence; so Pansy withdrew. Having glanced in at the library door, across the hall, she whispered, "Papa isn't come yet," and then stepped quietly to the door of the room back of the parlor where, after a moment's listening, she gently entered.

"I guess Daisy thought you asleep, mamma," she said. "How are you to-night? Have you had a comfortable day?"

"I have just had a very refreshing sleep, and feel very well this evening, darling. And how has the day passed with you? Sit down and tell me about it," pointing to the chair by her couch.  
"But, mother dear, shall I not call the children first, now you are awake?"

"Yes, they may come now, and rest a little before dinner."

So Pansy left the room to seek them. By a terrible accident a year previous, Mrs. Maynard had been injured for life, and was entirely confined to this one room, spending her days on the couch, and her nights on the bed in the adjoining alcove; and yet, in spite of the great pain she endured, the weary sense of utter helplessness and dependence, "Mother's room" was for her children a type of heaven itself, for in her they ever found a sympathy and love almost infinite in its peaceful unselfishness.

Pansy soon returned, accompanied by two rosy, happy-looking children of nine and five years.

"O, mamma, I'm so glad you had such a nice sleep! We saw your eyes were shut when we were looking at our pictures, and we kept real still; and then Daisy came in and told us we might go out and play. And oh, we had such a splendid time! I swung Lillie real high, and we played horse, and I ran away all round the lawn and she couldn't catch me one bit; and oh, we had a nice time!" and Roy passed out of breath, while "Little Echo," as they often called her, had repeated the various clauses after him, concluded with, "Oh, had a nice time!"

Kissing them fondly, the mother said, "You are dear, thoughtful children. Now go to sister Daisy, for papa will be here soon!"

So they passed on into the parlor to Daisy, who led them up stairs, while Pansy began, "Now mamma, I'm ready," seating herself on a foot-stool with her head on her mother's arm.  
"I had a real pleasant day at school. I had the algebra very well, and Herr Müller says my accent is first-rate, and I am sure I am enjoying the translation that long review in Hallam—they puzzle me shockingly! I really must beg you to help me about them to-morrow, for I remember the preceding ones perfectly because of your aid."

"Well, dear, I shall be glad to assist you. I am glad you are succeeding so well in the rest. Margie says the music is progressing finely, and that you had this morning's lesson unusually well."

"Dear Margie!" murmured Pansy. "She always encourages me, though I must be a trial to her musical genius. But I must tell you, mamma. Fannie Belmont is to have a party on her birthday, the 25th, and strongly urged me to attend; but I did not care about it. I thought you would not wish me to go, as it is to be a dance, so I declined the invitation."

"Very well, my dear, I certainly would rather you should not. You are old enough, however, to know the reasons for my wishes. But as I hear your father's step, we will postpone further conversation until after your chemistry lesson."

Dr. Maynard, a tall "manly man," at this moment entered, and after an affectionate greeting to his daughter, the latter left her parents to their usual evening chat while she prepared for dinner.

A little later found the family, except Mrs. Maynard, gathered around the table in the dining-room just across the hall from their mother's room, where, with the doors open between, they felt almost as if she were present.

After the grace, Margaret set certain dishes upon a small server which Pansy placed upon a little stand by the mother's couch, after which Roy was permitted to be the bearer of the cup of tea, in the successful accomplishment of which feat he took great pride, and even little Lillie could carry mamma's glass of milk, or bring her cup or plate for replenishment. It is difficult to estimate too highly the delight with which any one of this affectionate family hastened to minister to the wants of their beloved mother. Well might the good doctor look with fond pride upon the little circle—the oldest daughter with graceful dignity filling her mother's place; Pansy supplying her little sister's needs with thoughtful care; and the little ones striving to show their love to the absent mother by the true grace and decorum of their manners. They had dined at one, the hour of lunch, and were now each supplied with a dish of oat-milk and milk while their elders dined.

In cheerful and pleasant conversation the meal was disposed of, after which Margaret and her father retired to the library for their evening work. Pansy spent an hour at the organ in diligent practice, while Roy and Lillie held their nightly chat with Mrs. Maynard. This

was the hour whose influence was the power which lifted those little feet over many a pitfall, and whose tender sympathy lighted all their paths. Oh, that every mother would encircle her precious ones with this mail of love, strong to shield from many a fiery dart!

After her practice Pansy went into her mother's room, at which signal the children, after a warm good-night embrace, followed their sister from the room. By eight o'clock they were snugly ensconced in bed, and Pansy had begun her evening lesson in practical chemistry; for Dr. Maynard thought it a duty to provide his children with some means of supporting themselves if thrown upon their own resources, and having inherited his tastes, Margie and Pansy were both receiving a thorough course in the physical sciences and medicine, Margaret being already rather a companion and aid to her father, than a pupil, from her thorough knowledge of the various branches. After her lesson, and an appointment of laboratory work for the morning, Pansy was at liberty to return to her mother. She found her now in bed, and quietly took her place in a chair close by, and clasped in both hers the hand Mrs. Maynard extended.

"Well, daughter, how about your lesson to-night?"

"O, indeed, delightful! It grows more interesting every day," was the quick reply.

"I am very glad, child. Have you not yourself thought of some reasons why it would not be wise or right for you to indulge in the amusement of which we were speaking?"

"Why, yes, mamma. I have noticed that though some of the girls dance who profess to be Christians, they seem to have little interest in religion or religious duties, and will talk together, with great earnestness, about the last party, but never mention Church or social meetings. They have poorer lessons than usual for two or three days after a dance, and are also more irritable, while they seem to have poorer health, as a class, than those who do not dance."

"Well, Pansy, are not these reasons enough to prevent a Christian girl taking part in such entertainments?"

"Yes, mamma, I think so; but they do not seem to convince others with whom I talk. Many say that the dancing itself does no harm, only the late hours and the public assemblages; but that in small, select parties they may indulge harmlessly."

"My child, the usual result of promiscuous dancing is to develop the lower and sensual qualities at the expense of the higher, the spiritual and mental, which is proved by the fact that this is the favorite amusement of the degraded and vile. It certainly does no good to either soul, mind or body. The mere exercise, if practiced in the open air for ten or fifteen minutes daily, might benefit the body as do gymnastics or calisthenics; but I remember hearing one of our city teachers say that among her pupils and patrons those who most strongly opposed the use of calisthenics in the school, were warm advocates of dancing, and averaged one dance per week, often more, throughout the season. But recreation of whatever kind should be such as is needed and beneficial to some faculty, the contrary of which is true in regard to dancing. Suppose, however, that there are a few, a very few, to whom a moderate allowance is not pernicious, just as there may be a few to whom the moderate use of wine may be harmless, would it be wise for you to test it with the chances greatly against your being one of the few? Shall I daily give your little brother a small allowance of wine or cider, on the possibility that he is one of the fortunate few for whom it has no temptation?"

On the same principle, shall I send him and Lillie to dancing school on the chances of their escaping being drawn into the vortex?"

"Oh no, mamma, I see it much clearer now. I think I could even convince Fannie, who is such a lover of the amusement. How thankful I am that you have never permitted me to find pleasure in it. Daisy and I always seem happier and more contented in our simple home joys than any of our acquaintances who spend so much time in preparation for, and attendance at, such affairs, yet who often complain that time hangs so heavily, while the days seem all too short for the many things we wish to do and enjoy. I thank God for giving me such dear, wise parents!" and the impulsive girl, with a fervent kiss to her mother, and a warm embrace to her father, who with Margaret had just entered, hurried away to conceal her impetuous feelings.

With misty eyes the parents smiled at each other, and whispered a fond "God bless her!"

"Thank God for such dear, good children!" murmured Mrs. Maynard.  
"Nay! but for such a precious mother," said Margaret, "for it is to her, under God, we owe all we are." And the father echoed the words in his heart.

So our story comes to an end with the old thought: Mothers, our children are what we make them! They believe as we do, and their lives are the outgrowth of that belief. We daily sow the seed. "What shall the harvest be?"

## GO DOWN TO THE BOTTOM.

BY A. E. B.

It was with difficulty that I could keep from giving audible expression to these words, as I sat listening to a very attractive and popular speaker, on a recent occasion.

It was on a Sunday afternoon, in a reform school, to a company of two hundred boys, most of them sent there for some crime. After interesting them for some time with stories, he summed up his advice under three heads: "Industry, honesty, and temperance." A splendid trio of foundation-stories for character, thought I; but the mischief is, these boys are here for lack of these very three, and for lack of them in their parents, in many cases. He went on counseling them to "commence anew," to "resolve," to be "determined," and all the time I was gazing into the hungry eyes of those boys, and longing to have him go a little deeper.

I seemed to read in those faces a skepticism in regard to resolve. It seemed to me they looked eagerly in his face at first, as if they hoped he was about to tell them of some power beyond and above themselves, that would reach down and lift them out of this pit into which they were fallen; and then I seemed to discover a look of discouragement, and even of bitterness, as the appeal was made and left with their own wills alone. True, the speaker counseled prayer, but it was only as a help, and did not appear to be even a prominent factor in the reform. So we closed our meeting, and as I saw them pass out, one by one, and heard the officers of the school compliment the speaker on his very interesting address, I went home with a heavy heart. I yearned to take each of those erring ones by the hand and say, "Yes, you must will; you must resolve; but if you do no more, you are lost. But there is hope for you outside yourselves. There is a power above you which you can bring to your aid, and without which you can never lift and keep yourselves out of these slippery paths. There is a great Heart of tenderness that yearns towards you, that longs to have you give up to Him the task which He alone can perform—that of giving you a new nature, so that you shall forever hate what is wrong and debasing."

It may do for the moralist to talk of surface-cropping to those who are born upon a higher level; that is, it may subvert the end of securing good citizens; but to talk to those whose nurishment was on crime from the beginning, about cutting off these noxious weeds of dishonesty and intemperance, and even the growth, while the great branching roots reach to the bottom of the soul, is waste of breath and waste of a precious opportunity to cry out to these bitten ones, "Look and live!"

"Behold the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world!"

Yes, "taketh away"—blessed truth! He does just what we never can do, and herein is the gladness and true beauty of the message. It tells him who cannot keep from stealing of himself, him who cannot keep from drinking of himself, that there is One who can take away that sin—its outgrowth and its root too—and leave the soul white and clean, even though it were born covered with the fearful leprosy. Our reforms will be reforms indeed when we shall preach that there is cure with the Great Physician, and nowhere else.

## WASHINGTON'S NIGHT OF PRAYER.

BY REV. A. B. RUSSELL.

Not long since, while making a pastoral visit at the house of one of the mothers in Israel, known at Stratford Hollow as Mother Waters, we learned from her the following incident in the life of George Washington, during the war of the Revolution.

Her father, Noah Hatch, was for a time Washington's servant boy, and lodged at night in an adjoining room. Sister Waters stated that her father was awakened out of sleep during the night previous to a great battle, in which the Americans were victorious, by the sound of a human voice, as of one talking with another. Listening for awhile, his curiosity was excited to know who the guest could be to whom his master was addressing himself. On looking through the keyhole of his door, he saw Washington alone; he was engaged in reading the Scriptures and in prayer, which was continued for the most part of the night. Early in the morning, all preliminary arrangements having been attended to, he mounted his horse and rode away at full speed. He had not ridden far, however, before his hat was pierced with a bullet and carried away. Of this he seemed to take little notice, but rode on like one fully confident of divine protection.

On that day a great and important battle was fought, and Washington and his army obtained a complete triumph. The above is, without doubt, a true story, and is much like one given by a Tory Quaker who on passing through a piece of woods early on the morning of a memorable battle, found Washington engaged in prayer. He immediately related the circumstance to others, and said: "The Americans will be victorious in the coming battle, for I found their commander at prayer this morning."

How plainly would the hand of God be seen in guiding the affairs of our nation, if all our presidents, senators, representatives, judges and army officers were men of prayer! "Fervent, effectual prayer," going up from a

heart full of holy trust in the all-wise God, not only brings victory to one's self, but the example, when known to others, is all-powerful. Of the father of our country, it might have been said, "Behold, he prayeth!" The God of battle was on his side, and the Tory Quaker saw "the hand-writing on the wall." Victory, as well as salvation, "is of the Lord."

## THE MILLER'S NELL.

The Miller's Nell was sweet to see  
At sunset, moving on the sea,  
For fairest of the fair was she  
In all the Kentish lands.

Her basket poised with steady grace,  
Her hair blown bright about her face,  
With happy thoughts she kept her pace  
Along the Kentish sands.

What thoughts were these, I cannot tell;  
Not thoughts of death, God knoweth well;  
Nay, not a thought of happy Nell  
Of near approaching death.

The king of day in purple pride  
His last bright largest scattered wide,  
And who, to see, would weep of tide,  
Or, shuddering, hold his breath!

And still the waters onward crept,  
And still the tide-waves faster swept,  
Yet on her way the maiden kept  
Along the meadow side.

At last she saw, and turned to flee;  
But who can stand before the sea?  
"Sweetheaven," she said, "thy grace to me!"  
And yielded to the tide.

Another day, and to the shore  
The rising wave a burden bore,  
A child asleep forevermore,  
Her hands in meekness crossed.

The sea gazed long upon the dead;  
Then, awe-struck, backward slowly fled,  
Singing forever, as it sped,  
A dirge for all the lost.

The dead alone are truly blest,  
For theirs alone is endless rest.  
To purely dead, who surely sleep,  
Upon the breast of heaven.

And yet, I trow, they mourned for thee,  
Sweet Nell, for they no more shall see  
Thy figure flitting on the sea,  
Along the Kentish strand.

— School Days (Newton High School.)

## FUN AND FACT.

.... "One swallow does not make a spring." That depends upon how hot the coffee is.

.... In what place are two heads better than one? In a barrel.

.... The man always driven to sheer necessity is the barber.

One sows, another reaps the ground,  
God gathers in the sheaves;  
He knows the heart where grace abounds,  
Accepts the fruit, not leaves.

.... People who are always fishing for compliments do not need very long lines. They will get their best bites in shallow water.

.... French lady to family physician: "Doctor, I want my husband to take me to Nice for the winter. Now what is the matter with me?"

.... A gentleman just returned to this country from a tour in Europe was asked how he liked the ruins of Pompeii. "Not very well," he replied; "they were in such shocking bad repair."

.... How sweet a thing is a love of home! It is not acquired—it is a feeling that has its origin elsewhere. It is born with us, brought from another world to carry us on with joy in this. It attaches to the humblest heart that ever throbbed.

Love is immortal; in a sunnier clime  
The friends we loved on earth we'll clasp once more;  
The world which blossomed in our hearts in time  
Will bear celestial fruit on that blest shore.

.... Christian faith is a grand cathedral, with divinely pictured windows. Standing without, you see no glory and can possibly imagine any; standing within, every ray of light reveals a harmony of unexpressed splendours. — Hawthorne.

.... "Hry, Tommy," said a five-year-old urchin to another in the street: "we've moved into a house they call flats, 'a yer don't hev to go up stairs, but ride up in the escalator, 'a mother said, 'all the way to the laundry.' — Boston Commercial Bulletin.

.... "John has five oranges; James gives him eleven, and he gives Peter seven—how many has he left?" Before this problem the class roared. "Please, sir," said a young lad, "we always do our sums in apples."

.... He who climbs above the cares of the world, and turns his face to his God, has found the sunny side of life. The world's side of the hill is chill and freezing to a spiritual mind, but the Lord's presence gives a warmth of joy which turns winter into summer. — Spurgeon.

The night will come again! Ah yes! I know—  
The albat, the storm, the bitter cold, the snow!  
But sunshine, warmth and greenness fill to-day  
My little world; and though it pass away  
Beyond recall, yet still I rail  
Of God's eternity—this one glad day!  
And since He says, "His alone to take—  
Ay more! to keep for aye!"

.... "What a lovely woman!" was the exclamation of Lord Chancellor Eldon, upon passing a beauty, when passing up and down Westminster Hall, with his friend, the Master of the Rolls, previous to the opening of her respective courts. "What an excellent judge!" said the latter, when her sensitive ear caught the flattering decree of the Lord High Chancellor of England.

.... There is a man, who goes to church three times a Sunday, who always sings "I'm glad salvathy's free" so loud, that the deacon, whose ears are very sensitive, can't get wiv his four pews of him with the contumacious basket.

.... The little daughter of a St. Paul, Minn., clergyman recovered from a recent Sunday that several of the luttons on her best boots were missing. Her mother proposed to sew them on, but the young lady had too much respect for the fourth commandment to allow it. However, as the alternative was to stay away from Sunday-school or sew on the buttons, she at last made a compromise with her conscience by saying to her mother: "Well, mamma, you sew and I'll pretend, and pray she did, kneeling by her mother's side until the buttons were all on."

.... "Come home early." Simple words, yet what a world of meaning they contain! Lips which are white and still enough now have whispered them some day, while hopeless living lips will murmur them with to unbreathing ears, and yet anticipation breathe them still, while despair forces them from aching hearts which are almost numb in their mighty sorrow, and yet they are whispered in some ears—and oh! heed them well!

.... As a purely American flower the trailing arbutus has entered largely into literature, especially poetry. Perhaps the veriest of the poem in its praise is one by Louise Chandler Moulton, entitled, "Mayflowers:—  
If you catch a breath of sweetness,  
And follow the odoriferous hint  
Through woods where dead leaves rustle,  
And golden mosses glisten,  
Along the spicy sea-coast,  
Over the desolate down,  
You will find the dainty Mayflowers  
When you come to Plymouth town.  
Where the shy Spring tends her darlings,  
And hides them away from night,  
Put off the covering leaf aways,  
And gather them, pink and white,  
Tinted by mystical moonlight,  
Freshened by rosy dews,  
Till the fair, translucent blossoms  
To their pure perfection grow."

....Scene, the Prudential Assurance Office, — Poppings (who has been a daily attendant at the office, and has inspired his life and everything he can think of six times over): "This time I want you to insure my happiness!" Lady Clerk (handing him form): "Then you had better make a proposal in the usual way."

.... The deacon of a Washington Church which recently counting over the collection money found an old and faded piece of paper, which proved to be his own nearly outlawed note for thirty dollars, which the holder, unable to cash it, had turned into the treasury of the Lord. — Harper's Bazar.

## SUMMER READING.

It has always seemed to us that poetry should constitute a part of one's summer reading. If you are not familiar with Milton, or Wordsworth, or Scott, and many well-educated people are not, then take up one of those poets, and study him this summer. There are hundreds of ladies who have had "Paradise Lost" on their book-shelves for years, yet whose sole acquaintance with that immortal work is a reminiscence, growing vague and faint, of parsing in it when they were school-girls. The labor they went through in that way gave them adistaste for Milton, rather than an appreciative liking. But were these very persons, in maturer years, to read Milton earnestly and thoughtfully, they would experience a new pleasure. The pages of "Paradise Lost" are rich with the gold and purple of an imperial legend;



The Farm and Garden.

WHAT ARE SOME OF THE BEST PAYING CROPS?

[Extracts from an essay read before the Farmers' Institute, at Springfield, by Horace M. Scammon, of South Willingham.]

This question will admit of a great variety of answers. The gardener, producing vegetables for the market, would give one answer. The horticulturist, cultivating the smaller fruits for a near market, would give another, and the agriculturist, farming on a larger scale, distant from market, still another.

In deciding this question the farmer must consider his locality, in regard to market; the condition of his family in regard to health and numbers; the extent of his farm, and the character of the soil. A farmer on a ten-acre farm near a city, might not engage in stock raising with as much profit as in gardening. Most of the land of a 200-acre farm, distant from market, might lie idle and run to waste, but for the stock that is kept to graze on its surface at a profit. Our mountain farms will produce apples of longer keeping qualities, and with more profit, than the sandy plains or alluvial bottoms of the Connecticut valley.

The best paying crops are not only those that yield a fair profit above the expense of cultivating, but leave the land in good condition to produce other crops. Corn, cows and clover, rank high at the present time, and are the staple of the farmer. There is no doubt but that corn in connection with its fodder can be grown at a profit in New England, as is evidenced in many late reports, also wheat, rye, oats and buckwheat to a limited extent. Notwithstanding the bugs the potato crop the past year has been made to pay, selling at from .75 to \$1.00 per bushel.

Cows whether kept for milk, or butter, making, or raising stock, are profitable, not only for the income received, but in keeping up and increasing the fertility of the farm. And as to clover, there is no better crop to feed the land or the cows, and make each produce to their fullest extent. Early cut clover, well cured, and fed once a day, will produce more milk than any hay.

An eminent agriculturist has said that the best feed for much cows is grass—the next best dried grass, whether it is mowed or early cut hay. All admit that rowen will make the most milk, and that those who raise stock know that rowen is the best for cows, or growing stock, and the most successful stall-feeders feed three-fourths rowen. If, then, it will make the most milk and grow best, what more does the farmer want? But the hay which it is the most like grass. Cut the hay when it is the most succulent matter, and before the woolly fibre is developed.

The grass crop of Massachusetts and New England is by far the largest crop raised. It is used to be said that cotton was king, but corn now claims the kingdom at the West. But in Massachusetts grass is the most valuable crop, and soon to reign supreme. Grass is the foundation of all our products, and the most important in every system of rotation. A few years in grass and the land is prepared to produce an abundant harvest of almost any crop that the farmer may choose to raise. It is a true saying—more grass—more stock; more stock—more manure; more manure—more crops of all kinds, and increased fertility of soil, and profits on the balance sheet. The greatest aim aimed at in successful farming is to raise something to sell; some leading crop, the sale of which raises the income of the farm above the expenses. Not that we recommend specialties in farming exclusively; for but few farms in New England will admit of this. But with our mixed farming, which always secures, at least, a good living for the farmer and his family, we would recommend some one or two leading crops, from which the farmer will derive his income.

Of all the stock kept on our farms, none make more satisfactory returns for the investment and cost and care of keeping than sheep; paying for themselves in lambs and wool every year, and leaving the worn-out pasture greatly improved in appearance and fertility by their having ranged over them.

There is no crop raised in the Connecticut valley on which there has been so much money made, and lost, as on the tobacco crop. The profits have only been in money. The losses have been three-fold, not only in money, but in the general fertility of the farm, and in the habits and character of the man; and in many cases all combined have bankrupted the estate. The crop is a very uncertain one, and the price still very uncertain.

If a large portion of our worn-out lands were planted with forest trees, the next generation would reap a rich harvest, in the growing legacy which they would inherit. In consequence we would stop moulting, and a few drops of some essential oil, as lavender or peppermint. This paste is used to make different thicknesses of cardboard for architectural and similar models. In putting or joining these together, use the following: To six ounces of gum arabic (best) add one ounce, or less, of moist or lump sugar, one teaspoonful of lavender or other essential oil, and a tablespoonful of gin, the whole to be mixed in cold water to the consistency of a thick syrup, no heat being in any way applied. This paste is used for fastening paper neatly to tin.

To destroy bugs on squash or cucumber vines, dissolve a tablespoonful of saltpetre in a pailful of water; put one pint of this around each hill, shaping the earth so that it will not spread much, and the thing is done. Use more saltpetre if you can afford it. It is good for vegetables, but death to animal life. The bugs burrow in the earth in all and fall to rise in the morning. It is also good to kill the "grub" in peach trees—only use twice as much, say a quart or two to each tree. There was not a yellow or blistered leaf on twelve or fifteen trees to which it was applied last season. No danger of killing any vegetables with it; a concentrated solution applied to beans makes them grow wonderfully.

SOUTH CAROLINA LETTER.

A pleasant letter in the Boston Traveller of the 3d inst., entitled, "A Boston Girl in the South," describes Orangeburg, S. C., with piquancy. It is signed "C. A. N.," and is understood to be from the pen of Miss Neal, niece of Dr. Cooke, who has been spending the winter at Clafin. Thus does she describe two of our oft-mentioned places:

"The finest building is Clafin University, on the east side of the town, three quarters of a mile from the Court House. It is a large brick structure, with a broad piazza across the front; situated on a slope of ground covered on one side with oaks, on the other with the majestic pines, a driveway leading to the street lined with wild orange trees, now in full bloom, and cae myrtles interspersed here and there, the whole forming a lovely park of variegated foliage. On these grounds Sherman's army encamped on its famous march through South Carolina, and large spikes and nails are still left in the trees to which their tents were fastened.

"The site then was occupied by the Orangeburg Female Academy, a noted Presbyterian school, purchased after the war by Hon. Lee Claflin, one of the fathers of Methodism, from whom it received its name, and the large, rambling wooden building converted into a school in which hundreds of the colored youth of the State have received and are receiving education. This building was destroyed in 1876 by fire, and the present one rebuilt through contributions from members of the Claflin family and others. Under the able management of its present head, Dr. E. Cooke, well known in New England as principal of Wilbraham Academy for ten years, the school is making great progress. Last term it numbered over one hundred and seventy, many of them advanced scholarship, and promises much better things for the future. The minds of these youths, taken from slavery days, had to be trained for the present work, and of course the beginning was of inferior rank, but Dr. Cooke has now organized a four years' college course of high standing.

The work is a noble one, and the advancement very gratifying and satisfactory. These grounds and those of Dr. Webster, formerly of New England, are indicative of Yankee thrift, presenting a marked contrast to the other edifices in the town, both in interior and exterior surroundings. Dr. Webster came to South Carolina after the war, and has been doing a great Church work, being instrumental in re-establishing the Methodist Episcopal Church throughout the State. His house combines the spaciousness of a Southern home with Northern comforts and conveniences. It has been filled for the past winter with New Englanders in quest of health, who have enjoyed the privilege of a real Northern home in connection with this delightful climate, which is pronounced by every one equal, if not superior, to that of Aiken. The great need here is of a first-class hotel for invalids, and could such an one be erected, it would, no doubt, be filled to overflowing, for this situation is certainly very beneficial, especially so for those with pulmonary troubles."

EDUCATIONAL.

In Japan there are now 1,800,000 scholars attending 22,000 schools.

Sixty-one school districts in Nebraska furnish text-books gratis to pupils.

The University of Virginia has at present 363 students.

The salaries of teachers have been reduced in Pittsburg on an average of 5 to 8 per cent.

Secretary Northrop of Connecticut, is opposed—and wisely—to the multiplying of text-books, holding that there are too many, and that they are too voluminous, going too much into details.

Professor Francis A. Walker, of Yale, has been discussing the subject of "Finance" very thoroughly before the Johns Hopkins University students at Baltimore, having devoted twenty lectures to it.

The meeting of the National Educational Association is to be postponed until next year. The principal reason for this postponement was the absence of many of the leading members at the Paris Exposition.

The income of the Peabody School Fund has fallen from \$100,000 in 1876 to \$60,000 in 1877. The fall is due to the decline of revenue from real estate. About \$1,000,000 of revenue has been disbursed from the fund in ten years. It is said that the disbursement of this sum has been the cause of the ruin of nine millions by Southern States.

The University at Athens has seventy-two professors whose salaries are paid by the State, and 1,500 students. A student's only expense is for subsistence. Men from the other great universities of Europe go there to study modern Greek. The great work of this university, it is said, is to restore classical Greece.

ignation to God's will. He seemed to be fully aware, from the first of his sickness, that he would not live, and though he readily acquiesced in all the faithful endeavors of his friends to battle his subtle disease, yet he felt sure that his days were numbered.

His death was characterized by the presence of the Saviour. He said, as the hour of his departure drew near, "O, it will be so beautiful to go!" and other expressions which gave testimony that the death of the righteous is desirable. He was a lover of the Church and constant in attendance upon all the means of grace. The large gathering of friends at the funeral, in which was well represented the Church to which he belonged, the reform club of which he was a member, and his neighbors and friends, is an expression of regard produced by years of acquaintance and love.

The family thus afflicted, have the warm sympathy of their many friends and the heavenly assurances which constitute a sure support in their great trial.

SAMUEL F. PICKERING died in Auburn, Feb. 18, 1878, aged 61 years. He was born in Newington, N. H., July 24, 1817, and was converted when sixteen years old at Epping camp-meeting. He was a member of the Church in the Sunday-school, and till his death was officially connected with the Church which he ardently loved. He was among the earliest of our Church at Cambridgeport, and removing to Wilbraham, was for many years engaged in the ministry, and the up of the village as well as the Church and Academy.

Bro. P. will be remembered by many older students of Wilbraham as always actively engaged in the meetings of the Church and Academy for many years. He leaves a wife and two daughters.

Mrs. HANNAH C. RHODES died in Lynn, Feb. 2, aged 80 years, and 11 mos. Sister Rhodes was a native of Orange, Me., where she was converted in early life, shortly after which she removed to this place and united with the Common St. M. E. Church, of which she has been an active and useful member for sixty years. Her piety was uniform and cheerful. She was ardently attached to the Church, and cheerfully bore her share of its burdens. Her interest in the Sabbath-school with which she has always been associated (much of the time in official relations) seemed to increase with her years.

Her death seemed like a translation. She said to a friend a few hours before: "I am now testing the promises I have been trusting for so many years, and they are being verified to me. I hardly think I am going home now, but it is all well. He knows best." Alluding to the death of her husband, which occurred a little less than five years before, she said: "Oh, how has Jesus sustained me, and how have I been lifted up above my grief by leaning upon Him! Yes, and He is nearer to me now than ever."

With messages of love to members of the Church and Sabbath-school, exhorting the young to be faithful, she waited the will of the Master. The case came suddenly, and the dear daughter and aged sister are left to mourn, they "Sorrow not as those without hope."

S. A. Died in Wareham, Jan. 13, SYLVIA CARR, wife of Francis Carr, aged 64 yrs.

Sister C. was born in Carver, in 1813, and at the age of sixteen found peace in Jesus, under the labors of Rev. L. D. Johnson, and joined the R-formed Methodist Church July 4, 1833. She united in holy matrimony with Francis Carr, and in 1836 removed to Wareham and joined the M. E. Church. In 1863 she removed to New Bedford and joined the Fourth St. M. E. Church. In 1866 she removed to West Sandwich and joined the M. E. Church in that town, where they remained one year, and then returned to the M. E. Church in this place.

Her last words were: "I see the gates ajar for me." Sister C. was blessed with a most amiable disposition and Christian spirit. She was an active worker in the Church, a faithful wife, and one of the best of mothers. Her home was the home of the laborer, and her heart was in sympathy with the Church of her choice.

She leaves a husband and a family of children to call her "blessed." May the Lord comfort Brother Carr, who for long years has been one of the pillars of the M. E. Church, and her children who mourn not as those without hope.

J. G. GAMMONS. East Wareham. MARGARET HEAP, aged 54 yrs., died in Providence, R. I., May 13.

Sister Heap was for thirty years a member of the Chestnut St. M. E. Church. She loved the Church and served it faithfully. The poor will miss her, for she often visited the widow and the fatherless in their affliction. She remembered the words of the Master: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these who are here, ye have done it unto Me."

Her faith was strong and her experience clear. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

B. P. RAYMOND. Died, in N. Haverhill, N. H., March 18, 1878, Mrs. LUTHERA HOWE MEADER, wife of Paul Meader, aged 38 yrs.

Mrs. Meader was converted to Christ very early in life (being only 12 years old) under the labors of Rev. D. W. Barbour, and in all her life she was faithful to the Christian's portion. As a wife and mother she was affectionate and kind, and her highest earthly aim was to lead the hearts of her little ones upward. Many will ever keep fresh in their minds her words of loving counsel and advice.

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